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HOW THE CLUB WAS FORMED

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How the Club Was Formed

An Entertainment in Three Scenes

By

O. W. GLEASON

*Author of "A Modern Sewing Society," "How
the Story Grew," etc.*



BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1909

How the Club Was Formed

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CHARACTERS

MRS. JONES.

MRS. BROWN.

MRS. SNOW.

HANNAH MARIA.

MRS. REED.

MRS. PERKINS.

MRS. SMITH.

MRS. WHITE.

MRS. SLOCUM.

MRS. HIGGINS.

MRS. STONE.

MRS. RICE.

MRS. MARTIN.

MRS. HOBBS.

MRS. SHAW.

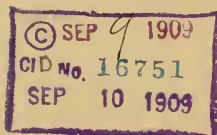
MRS. TURNER.

MRS. SPRING.

MRS. WELCH.

COSTUMES.—Old-fashioned and countrified. In Scene III an attempt to be very dressy and citified should be made. The more ludicrous the better.

TIME.—About one hour and a half.



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TMP92-009261

How the Club Was Formed

SCENE I.—MRS. JONES' kitchen. MRS. JONES *ironing at table. Near by is a clothes frame filled with nicely ironed clothes.*

MRS. JONES. There, thank goodness I've got the last of this ironing done! Mercy on me, it's nothing but work, work, work! Same old thing week in, week out. Get up in the morning at five o'clock; slave yourself all day long either washing, ironing, cooking or scrubbing, then when night comes go to bed as tired as a dog. I declare I'm sick to death with it all. (*Puts away ironing utensils.*) Well, it's no use fretting. I s'pose I orter be thankful instead of complaining, but it's purty tough, purty tough!

(*Rap at door. MRS. JONES opens it and admits MRS. BROWN.*)

MRS. BROWN. Good-morning, Mrs. Jones, Hard at work, I suppose, same as ever. You're such a masterhand to dig.

MRS. JONES. Well, we women folks *all* are, I should say. Yes, I've just finished my week's ironing and am now going down cellar to skim milk so as to be ready for to-morrow's churning. I was just saying to myself when you came in that we women folks get mighty little fun out of life. Did you ever think of it, Mrs. Brown?

MRS. BROWN. Did I ever? Of course I have. I've thought on't for a good many years, but I hain't said anything about it. We don't never do nothing in this village. Now the men folks go down-town to the store in the evening and spin their yarns and crack their jokes, while we stay at home and mend their stockings most likely. I say it's a downright shame.

MRS. JONES. Of course it is, and it makes me hopping mad every time Jonas goes out of that door and starts for the village. I know he's going down to Smith's store to have a real good time; not that I begrudge it to him, but I want to go some-*wheres myself.*

MRS. BROWN. Of course we can go to church and Sunday-school, and I s'pose the men folks think that is enough for us.

MRS. JONES. Well, I don't know as I care much what the men folks think. They are a selfish lot, at best. Sunday comes just once in seven days, and I want to *go* somewhere or *do* something between times.

MRS. BROWN. Well, I'm sure I feel just the same about it as you do, but I don't know what we can do about it.

MRS. JONES. Neither do I, but I get a grain of comfort talking it over, even if it don't amount to anything.

(*Rap at door. MRS. JONES admits MRS. SNOW.*)

MRS. SNOW. Good-morning, Mrs. Jones; why, you here, Mrs. Brown? I was going by and thought I'd just run in and sit a while with Mrs. Jones. I'm awfully glad you're here, for now I can kill two birds with one stone, as the saying is.

MRS. BROWN. Yes, I'm here. I came over to borrow some vinegar to eat on my dandelion greens that I dug this morning, but Mrs. Jones and I got to talking and I really forgot to ask about it.

MRS. JONES. Land sakes! You hadn't said one word about vinegar, and I ain't been very perlite for I hain't even asked you to sit down; but now that Mrs. Snow has come in let's all sit down and take our ease for a few moments. I guess it *amounts* to as much as to work all the time.

(*All sit.*)

MRS. BROWN. Yes, I s'pose it does. We were just saying, Mrs. Snow, when you came in, how hard we women worked and how little we got out of it.

MRS. SNOW. Yes, I s'pose we do work purty hard, and land knows I get little enough out of it. I asked Silas this morning for some money to buy me a new calico gown, and if he didn't tell me that 'twas coming summer and I could go without one. Howsomever, I married Silas Snow; and as the saying is, I made my bed and I s'pose I must lie in it, even if he is mighty mean and close.

MRS. JONES. Well, my Jonas don't tell me such things as that. There'd be a row if he did, and he knows what *that* means. No, Jonas lets me have my share of the money.

MRS. SNOW. Yes, Mrs. Jones, everybody knows that you and Jonas get on together all right. She's a *real fortunate* woman; don't you think so, Mrs. Brown?

MRS. BROWN. Yes, I do ; but if some other women of my acquaintance had a little more spunk and vim to 'em, no Silas Snow would order them about as they do.

MRS. SNOW. Well, there's no use crying over spilt milk, as the saying is. I ain't going to have any words with Silas ; I'll go without *any* clothes first.

MRS. JONES. Well, do as you think best about it, Mrs. Snow, and it's a good thing you can always find some old saying to comfort you.

MRS. SNOW. Land o' massy, had you noticed that ? Hannah Maria, Silas' oldest gal by his first wife, is always a-flinging it up to me. She says it makes me seem countrified and outlandish, but some way I can't seem to break myself of it. What's born in the bone can't be beat out of the flesh, as the saying is.

MRS. BROWN. Hannah Maria has been visiting up to the city, hain't she ? When's she coming home ?

MRS. SNOW. Oh, she came yesterday morning, and she had a real good time. You'd orter hear her tell about it. She was on the go all the time, but I tell her that a rolling stone gathers no moss, as the saying is.

MRS. JONES. I declare for't. I wish *I* had been with Hannah Maria. We were just wishing, Mrs. Brown and me, when you came in, that we had some place to go to, instead of sticking so everlastingly at home.

MRS. SNOW. Why, how you talk ! I s'posed you were perfectly contented and happy. I don't see why you shouldn't be. Where did you think you wanted to go ? Anywhere in particular ? Do tell me. Confession is good for the soul, as the saying is.

MRS. JONES. That's just the trouble. We *want* some place to go. Where did Hannah Maria go when she was in Boston ?

MRS. SNOW. Oh, I can't tell you. Her Aunt Jane belongs to a club and she went to the meetings with her, and to the teas and entertainments. I guess that club has something going on all the time. I guess they think a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, as the saying is.

MRS. BROWN. I've hearn *tell* of these clubs, but I don't know much what they are like. I s'pose Hannah Maria knows all about them.

(*Rap at door.*)

MRS. JONES. I wonder who that can be.

(She rises, but HANNAH MARIA opens the door and enters.)

HANNAH MARIA. Good-morning, Mrs. Brown. Good-morning, Mrs. Jones. Why, you here, maw! Really now, I didn't know you had left our vine and fig-tree to grace those of the neighbors.

MRS. SNOW. Yes, I'm here; but I didn't know we had any fig-tree, nor any vine that was worth anything, for that matter. What are you talking about, anyway? You do beat all, Hannah Maria.

MRS. BROWN. I guess you learned all that fine talk down to Boston, didn't you, Hannah Maria?

HANNAH MARIA. Of course, at Aunt Jane's I met only the best educated and most cultured people, don't you know? Now that I have returned to my rural home I suppose my conversation *will* seem strange, and I may not be, at all times, appreciated. Nevertheless, if I can be the means of bringing about a social revolution among the women of my native town, I shall not think that the opportunities I have had thrown in my way for the past few weeks have been lost, don't you know?

MRS. SNOW. There now, what do you think of that? Hasn't Hannah Maria learned something? She only stayed five weeks with her Aunt Jane and just hear her talk! She talks a good deal more glib than Parson Nichols himself.

MRS. JONES. Well, I should say she did. Your mother says that your Aunt Jane belonged to a stick—no, *club*. Do tell us what 'twas like. I hain't any idea what they do or say at one.

MRS. BROWN. Nor I neither. She that was Martha Doolittle had a brother whose wife's cousin belonged to one, and she says they are dreadfully stylish among the women nowadays.

HANNAH MARIA. I will try to enlighten your ignorance, ladies. To begin with, a Woman's Club is the most soul satisfying institution that exists on this mundane sphere. The ladies meet and choose one for a president, another for a vice-president, and another for a treasurer. Then they have three or four that are the board of directors. Aunt Jane is a board of director. Then they have a—well, lots of other officers, don't you know?

MRS. JONES. What do they do after they have all the officers picked out?

HANNAH MARIA. Well, they —— Oh, they have meetings of course, and wear such beautiful dresses. Oh, some of the ladies at Aunt Jane's club had just the *dandiest* dresses!

MRS. SNOW. Now, Hannah Maria, I wouldn't say dandiest. It don't sound real ladylike to me.

HANNAH MARIA. Which goes to show conclusively, and without a doubt, that you are not up to date, maw, don't you know?

MRS. BROWN. What do they do after they have got to the club with all their finery on? Do they tell stories, talk about their neighbors, or what?

HANNAH MARIA. Oh, they have such perfectly ravishing compositions that they read. No, I should say *essays*. Then after that they have something they call currant invents, but I never quite understood what it was. Oh, but they were real sweet!

MRS. JONES. What was it, something to eat? I have heard of currant wine, currant jell and currant sass, but I don't know as I ever hearn tell of currant invents.

HANNAH MARIA. What a benighted mind! It wasn't anything to eat. It was something to refresh the mind with, something to awaken the intellect, so they said, don't you know?

MRS. SNOW. Well, I do' know but what currant wine will do *that*. Sometimes I think it does when your father gets down a leetle more than common. But we'll let bygones be bygones, as the saying is.

MRS. BROWN. You hain't told us what they be. If 'twan't anything to *eat*, what was it? Do tell us.

HANNAH MARIA. Why, each lady read a little piece from a paper, a little clipping they called them. Oh, they were so simply lovely! They were all about Sicily, the fleet, the inauguration, the Chinese, the Japanese and lots of others; oh, I *should* say *quantities*. Anyway, they were just as sweet and educational as they could be.

MRS. JONES. Go on, Hannah Maria; I am just as interested as I can be. What else did they do?

MRS. SNOW. I'm wondering who the Cicely was they read about. Mrs. White has a sister by that name that moved west. I hope she hain't done anything improper and got *her* name in the papers.

HANNAH MARIA. Oh, maw, I fear I shall never improve your mind. Well, Mrs. Jones, after they had completed their reading they all went,—no, I mean journeyed,—to the dining-

room where they had such lovely things,—no, *delicacies* to eat. That's what they called them, don't you know?

MRS. BROWN. What were they, and how were they made?

HANNAH MARIA. Oh, they were little teenty-weenty crackers with something sweet in them. Then they had frozen stuff that they called mouse, and lots of little candy. Sometimes they have patties, but not often. Aunt Jane said they were quite expensive. Oh, they always have something to *drink*; punch or coffee.

MRS. SNOW. Hannah Maria, I want to know if you drank punch when you was to Boston? I don't have no opinion of your aunt if she put temptation in your way.

MRS. JONES. I must say I don't think they have much to eat.

HANNAH MARIA. They don't call it anything to *eat*; they call it a *spread*.

MRS. BROWN. Well, I should say it was a mighty poor spread. I wouldn't make such a sprawl about nothing.

MRS. JONES. Well, what else, Hannah Maria? Do they do anything else?

HANNAH MARIA. No, they go home after that, and talk it over. At least that's what Aunt Jane did. She wondered how much the ladies' dresses cost, who wrote their essays for them, and said how *sweet* some looked and how *homely* others were. Then she talked about the spread, and said the punch was too *weak* and the coffee too *strong*. Some of the crackers were musty, she said, and the frozen stuff was too sweet. Aunt Jane says she enjoys *talking over* the meetings fully as well as attending them.

MRS. BROWN. Well, I don't know how the city folks look at it, but I call it mighty poor manners to talk over your victuals when you go a-visiting.

MRS. SNOW. There, I'm glad to hear you say so, for that's just what I said to Hannah Maria; but a prophet has no honor in his own country, as the saying is.

MRS. JONES. Now, Hannah Maria; what would you have to do to *form* one of these 'ere clubs? I've a great notion of trying to get up one among the women in this village. Do you s'pose I could?

HANNAH MARIA. Oh, that would be perfectly splendid! I'll give you the advantage of the knowledge I gained in Boston and assist you all I can. But what put such an idea into your head? Do you suppose the women will think they have time to devote to club work? You know it takes lots of time.

MRS. JONES. Well, s'posing it does ; we'll take lots of time for it then. We may just as well do that as to slave all day washing, ironing, baking, churning and scrubbing. I guess we'll all be just as rich in the end.

MRS. BROWN. Well, I for one would like to join something or other, and if you'll get up a club I'll certainly join it.

MRS. JONES. My mind is fully made up, and everybody in this village knows that when Samantha Jones starts in to do anything something's doing. I'm going to get up a woman's club if it takes a *leg*, so there ! Will you be a member, Mrs. Snow ?

MRS. SNOW. You know I'd have to ask Silas first, and I don't know as he would think it would pay.

HANNAH MARIA. Oh, yes, you do have to *pay* to belong to the club. Aunt Jane says you have to pay your annual dues once a year.

MRS. BROWN. Land sakes ! what on earth are annual dues, and what do you have to pay anything to just meet around at the neighbors' houses to talk a while for ?

MRS. JONES. There'll be no *paying* at the club I form, so there. I'm not getting up clubs to make money.

HANNAH MARIA. Aunt Jane said they had to pay their dues in order to have money with which to defray their expenses, don't you know ?

MRS. JONES. Oh, bosh, don't talk that highfalutin stuff to me. It won't cost you a *cent* to belong, Mrs. Snow, and if I were in your place I wouldn't say one word to Silas about it.

MRS. SNOW. You know the saying is not to let your left hand know what your right one is doing, so after all I guess I won't tell Silas. Yes, I'll jine your club. Howsomever you mustn't say anything about it to your father, Hannah Maria.

HANNAH MARIA. Of course not. I never meddle with my parents' affairs. You know I didn't approve of my father's choice in selecting a second wife, but I trust I know my duty now that you *are* my mother.

MRS. SNOW. Well, I don't know but what I wish he *had* looked further, but it's no use crying over spilt milk, as the saying is.

MRS. JONES. We'll let you help us about getting up the club, Hannah Maria, but you can't belong to it. You're too young, and besides we ain't going to have any one but married women in it, and good, *sensible ones* at that.

HANNAH MARIA. There were lots of ladies who were not

married in Aunt Jane's club, not young ones, but about forty or fifty years old.

MRS. JONES. For mercy sake! you don't mean to tell me that they had old maids in their club? I shan't have any in mine.

MRS. BROWN. Why not, Mrs. Jones? I don't lay up anything agin a woman just because she never got married.

MRS. JONES. Neither do I, but can't they go gallivanting all over the world? Do they have a husband and young ones to dig for? What do they want to belong to a club for when they don't have to do washing, scrubbing and churning for a living? I tell you the old maids have a mighty good time nowadays. *My* club is for the downtrodden, married women.

MRS. SNOW. Yes, I think *I* was just as well off before I married Silas, if I was an old maid, but I thought I'd marry him, he seemed so set on it, and two heads *are* better than one, if you know *one* is a cabbage head.

(*All laugh.*)

MRS. BROWN. You always hit the mark, Mrs. Snow. If you'll get my vinegar I guess I'll go along. The young ones will be home from school, and if dinner ain't ready there'll be a pretty mess.

MRS. JONES (*getting vinegar*). I'm real glad you came over, even if you did hinder me about getting my milk scum. But I don't mind that, now that I am going to form a club. You'll hear from me soon about it.

MRS. SNOW. I'll go along with you, Mrs. Brown; two is company and three is a crowd, as the saying is. Are you coming now, Hannah Maria?

MRS. JONES. No, she ain't. Stay and spend the day with me, Hannah Maria, and we'll talk over my new club.

HANNAH MARIA. Thank you. I shall be delighted to assist you. I am so glad that an opportunity for elevating my sex has opened up to me. I'll gladly help you in your charitable work, don't you know?

MRS. JONES. Land, 'tain't no charitable work, for I ain't going to *give* nothing to nobody. I just want some place to go to, and I'll have it, too!

MRS. BROWN. Good luck to yer, Mrs. Jones! Come, Mrs. Snow, I'm ready. [*Exeunt* MRS. BROWN and MRS. SNOW.]

MRS. JONES. Now, Hannah Maria, I ain't going to do an-

other living thing this day until I get this club formed. Come out into the spare room where we won't get broke in upon and I'll get a pencil and paper and form a club. I'll have somewheres to go to or I'll know the reason why. [*Both exeunt.*]

CURTAIN

SCENE II.—MRS. JONES' spare room. *Ladies discovered all seated. Ladies all knitting, sewing or at work braiding rags.*

MRS. JONES (*rising and reading from a large sheet of paper*). "Neighbors and friends, when I sent you, each and all, an invitation to be present at my domicile this P. M. you little knew for what purpose you were to gather here. You little knew that a new lease of life was being opened to your view, as it were. You did not realize that we, the down-trodden, the crushed, were about to spread our wings and soar upward, perhaps out of sight. You did not appreciate ——"

MRS. REED. Heavens on earth! Are you crazy or what is the matter? I'm going straight home! (*Rises.*)

MRS. JONES (*dropping paper*). There! I knew just how 'twould be and I told Hannah Maria Snow so. You see, neighbors, that I'm going to form a club and Hannah Maria has been helping me about it. She wrote that stuff on that paper and told me to read it to you, but Lord a massy! I knew you wouldn't understand such a mess of lingo. You can sit down, Mrs. Reed; I ain't crazy a mite, but I am going to get up a club, whether or no.

MRS. BROWN. Yer see, Mrs. Jones and I have got tired of staying at home and letting the men folks have all the fun, so she has got the idea of forming a club for us women to go to. I think it will be a fine idea, though land knows what we'll do at it.

MRS. REED. Oh, if that's all I'll sit down again, but I verily thought the woman was gone stark mad. (*Sits.*)

MRS. JONES. Well, I am *mad* enough when I think what fools we've been all these years, but I ain't *crazy*.

MRS. PERKINS. What kind of a club are you going to form? I've hearn tell of lots of kinds.

MRS. SMITH. What are you going to do? Work for the heathen, I s'pose, same as we do at the sewing society.

MRS. JONES. No, marm. We ain't going to *work* for

nobody or nothing at *my* club. We're going to have a good time and that's all.

MRS. WHITE. Why, it'll seem kind of queer not to be doing anything. Can't we bring our sewing and knitting to it? I'd feel like a fish out of water if I didn't have my work in my hand.

MRS. JONES. We are going to write essays; compositions we used to call them when I was a gal and went to school. Then we are going to meet at some house and read them, that's just what we are going to do. Hannah Maria told me all about it.

MRS. REED (*starting up*). For the land's sake! She *is* crazy and I knew she was. I never could write a composition when I was a gal, and I don't think I'll begin now.

MRS. JONES. You'll find it easy enough. I'll tell you what to do.

(MRS. REED *sits*.)

MRS. SNOW (*aside*). I'm thinking it will take some one beside Samantha Jones to put brains into Maria Reed's head. She never knew beans when she went to school.

MRS. BROWN. Of course we must first take a vote and see how many will join a club.

MRS. JONES. This is *my* club, Mrs. Brown, and I'll attend to it all myself. Hannah Maria told me all about it. (*With great dignity.*)

MRS. BROWN. Well, don't be so huffy. I only was thinking that if you don't begin to form your club you'd never get it done. I'm sure I don't want to meddle with your business.

MRS. JONES. No, you hadn't better. I feel fully capable of running my own club. Now all the women folks here assembled that would like to join my club will please rise.

MRS. SNOW. Will you have to jine it if you rise, for I ain't quite made up my mind yet?

MRS. SLOCUM. I don't know whether my man would want to have me. I'd have to ask him first.

MRS. HIGGINS. How much would it cost to jine? I shouldn't want to pay much.

MRS. STONE. I never get my work done until dark. I don't think I'd have much time to write compositions, though I was a masterhand at it when I was a gal.

MRS. JONES. There, I knew Mrs. Brown was in too big a hurry. We hain't talked it over enough.

MRS. PERKINS. That's so. I want to know what you do besides writing compositions. *I* could get a composition easy enough. The new schoolmaster says my Liza Ann beats all for writing compositions, and she'd be tickled to death to write me one.

MRS. JONES. I was just going to tell you, but Mrs. Brown broke in; we all are to cut pieces out of the newspapers and bring them to the club and read them. They call them currant—currant something. What was it, Mrs. Brown? You heard Hannah Maria tell on't.

MRS. BROWN. I don't know as I just remember, and even if I did I guess I shouldn't feel obliged to tell *you* after your being so awful spiteful just because I wanted to help you along a bit.

MRS. SNOW. Mrs. Jones, *I* guess I can tell you. Wasn't it currant prevents?

MRS. JONES. Yes, that's just what they called them; currant prevents.

MRS. REED. That's queer, my way of thinking. What does a piece cut out of a newspaper have to do with currants, anyway? and land knows what it prevents!

MRS. JONES. Well, that's what they called 'em, anyway.

MRS. MARTIN. I s'pose they'd got to call 'em something, and a pack of *fool women* will do queer things.

MRS. JONES. Well, if I ever! Perhaps you think I'm a fool to form a club?

MRS. MARTIN. Perhaps I do, and perhaps I don't. I don't tell all I think.

MRS. JONES. If you hadn't a-wanted to come over here this afternoon you didn't have ter. I s'posed you'd feel slighted if I didn't ask you.

MRS. MARTIN. I did have two minds about coming; but now I've got here, I'll stay and see the thing through.

MRS. JONES. Do as you think best. (*Very stiffly.*)

MRS. SNOW. Yes, it's a free country, as the saying is. I'm sure *I'm* having a real good time.

MRS. JONES. To continue—after we've read our currant prevents, then we have a spread.

MRS. HOBBS. For heaven's sake, what do you do with a spread? Do you have a patchwork one or one of those white ones you buy in the stores?

MRS. JONES. Neither one. A spread—is crackers and pickles and tea and candy.

MRS. SHAW. What queer names they do give things nowadays !

MRS. HOBBS. Well, don't they? If my poor, dear, dead and gone husband could rise from his grave I guess he'd be some surprised.

MRS. TURNER. Do let Mrs. Jones go on. It beats all I ever hearn tell of. Do they eat them things, or just spread them out and look at 'em?

MRS. JONES. Eat 'em, of course. At Hannah Maria's Aunt Jane's they had punch, but *we* won't have any. It won't be setting the men a good example.

MRS. SPRING. Who buys the things for the spread? It would cost something.

MRS. JONES. When it meets at *my* house *I* buy the spread ; when it meets at *your* house *you* do, and so on.

MRS. SPRING. I hain't joined yet ; so, as Mrs. Snow would say, "Don't reckon your chickens before they are hatched."

MRS. JONES. How hateful you be, Mrs. Spring. Now, instead of taking a vote, I am going to ask our minister's wife to pass this paper around, and if you want to join my club, just write your name on't. If you don't, why don't, that's all. (*She gives the paper to MRS. WELCH, who passes it around. All sign after much business of thinking and whispering it over with their neighbors. MRS. JONES takes paper from MRS. WELCH.*) Every one on 'em signed, didn't they, Mrs. Welch? I s'posed they would.

MRS. WELCH. Yes. It is surely a case of woman's curiosity. They wish to see what your club is to be like.

(*All laugh.*)

MRS. JONES. Now I'll go on. *I'm* going to be the president, 'cos I first thought on't.

MRS. SLOCUM. There's nothing *pushing* about you !

MRS. RICE. I thought we *voted* for a president.

MRS. JONES. Well, you can, if you'll vote for me ; but there won't be any club if *I* can't be president.

MRS. TURNER. I think 'twould be more proper to have our minister's wife for president.

MRS. SNOW. Yes, Mrs. Brown, let her be the president. Let her occupy the seat of the mighty, as the saying is.

MRS. JONES. She can be vice-president, if she wants, but I've made up my mind that I'll be president ; and president I'll be, or you can all go home and we won't have any club.

MRS. SMITH. I knew the men were all fighting to get into office, but I didn't know women were. I thought they were perliter.

MRS. WHITE. I'm glad I don't want to be nobody nor nothing, so I shan't have to squabble over what I'll be.

MRS. SNOW. I shan't say anything about it, anyway. The first shall be last and the last shall be first, as the saying is.

MRS. MARTIN. When I signed that 'ere paper, I s'posed I'd get into office, or I wouldn't have done it. I don't know as I want to be president, but I'm going to be something or I'll scratch my name off of that paper.

MRS. JONES. You shan't be president, so there, and I don't know as you'll be anything. I guess we could get along if you did scratch off your name.

MRS. WELCH. Seems to me I wouldn't quarrel about it. I don't think it is Christianlike to wrangle over a small thing like this.

MRS. JONES. It isn't a small thing, and as it hasn't the first living thing to do with the church, I don't care a hang whether it is Christianlike or not. Now once for all, am I going to be president or not?

MRS. WELCH. As the wife of the pastor of this village, I would suggest that in order to keep peace we allow Mrs. Jones to be president. All who agree please say *I*.

(*One by one each lady says, "Yes, let her." "I s'pose so." "She might as well," etc. After all have agreed, Mrs. JONES rises.*)

MRS. JONES. Now, *ladies*,—I shall call you *ladies* hereafter, for you have proved you *are* such by letting me be president,—we will now elect a vice-president, or rather I'll elect one. I guess I'll let Mrs. Welch be that.

MRS. HOBBS. It does beat all! Ain't the rest of us going to have our say about anything?

MRS. RICE. I jined 'cos I thought I'd have a chance to vote, and I wanted to see how 'twould seem, but I hain't got no chance yet.

MRS. JONES (*pulling paper from front of dress*). You just wait, all of you, and I'll let you know who's to be the officers of this club. I made them all out this morning with Hannah Maria's help. I hain't left out one of you. (*Reads.*) President, Mrs. Samantha Jones; vice-president, Mrs. Elijah

Welch, our minister's wife. (*Puts paper back in aress.*) We ain't a-going to have any treasurer same as Hannah Maria's aunt had, 'cos we ain't a-going to charge anything to belong to this club, and we ain't a-going to have any secretary nuther, 'cos we don't want everything *we* do writ down in a book. We are going to have a board of directors, and *all* the rest of you ladies are going to be a board of director, so you'll feel you hold *some* office. You won't have anything to do, 'cos I'll do all that's necessary. Now don't you think I've done well to let every one of you get into office?

MRS. SLOCUM. I didn't want any office, but if you don't have anything to do I might as well be a board of director as anything.

MRS. JONES. All you board of directors must wear badges.

MRS. STONE. What are they, and where do you get them? Don't they cost something?

MRS. JONES. Hannah Maria says they are a piece of ribbon with the words "Board of Directors" printed on them. She says they got them printed somewheres in Boston, but land of massy! them women must have been a shiftless pack if they couldn't have made their own badges. I am going to make my own and I guess the rest of you can make yourn.

MRS. BROWN. What color ribbon do you have?

MRS. JONES. Hannah Maria didn't say, but 'pears to me any color would do. I've got some old white ribbon that I am going to dye yellow and have "President" put on it, real big, in black letters. I think it will look real nice.

(Smiles very sweetly.)

MRS. REED. I have some green; do you think that will do? I ain't over and above fond of green, but that's all I've got.

MRS. HOBBS. Didn't you hear our worthy president say that *any* color would do, and what *she* says, goes.

MRS. JONES. Thank you, Mrs. Hobbs; I don't think the ladies yet understand that they must do just what I say.

MRS. PERKINS. Hoity, toity! Don't we put on airs?

MRS. JONES. I shan't notice insults. Hannah Maria says that they told her in Boston that people in high places always got insulted. Now the next work to come before this club is to give it a name. Now I want each and every one to have a voice in naming my club. Beginning at Mrs. Rice, I want everybody to tell what we shall name it.

MRS. RICE. Don't ask me. I never was any hand at naming anything. Jotham named every one of our nine young ones. I thought that was the least he could do.

MRS. MARTIN. You might call it "My Club"; that 'pears to come quite natural.

MRS. JONES. Yes, but 'tain't *your* club, it's *mine*.

MRS. HOBBS. They have flowery names nowadays. You might call it the "Dandelion Club," as long as it was formed when 'twas time to dig 'em.

MRS. SHAW. I think the "Lily Club" would sound better, but goodness knows *we* are far from lilies.

MRS. TURNER. If we wanted to be real patriotic, we could call it the "Roosevelt Club."

MRS. SPRING. I don't think it proper for a pack of women to name their club after a *man*. Let's call it the "Susan Anthony Club." I've hearn tell of her, but don't know just who she was, but I guess she was a real good woman.

MRS. WELCH. Yes, she was, but why not call it the "Cherryville Woman's Club," after our town?

MRS. BROWN. As near as I can cal'late, it isn't the woman's club; it's Mrs. Jones' club, and why not call it so?

MRS. SNOW. I've nothing to say. A rose by any other name would smell as sweet, and what's in a name, as the saying is.

MRS. REED. I think we'd better call it the "Lazy Club," as long as we ain't a-going to work.

MRS. PERKINS. I shouldn't care to say anything about it until I had asked my husband. He knows everything, and he'd tell us just the right thing to call it.

MRS. JONES. Your husband can attend to his own blacksmith shop. We ain't asking *his* opinion.

MRS. SMITH. Call it the "Sassy Club." I think that's just the name.

MRS. WHITE. How would the "Married Woman's Club" do? We seem to all be married.

MRS. SLOCUM. Well, what if we be? We needn't publish it all over the world. Most of us have *very little* to brag about in the way of husbands.

MRS. HIGGINS. Speak for yourself, and not for others. Because *you* fight all the time with your husband it's no sign *I* do. Even if I did, I wouldn't tell on't at the club. Better call it the "Truth-telling Club."

MRS. STONE. Being as I am the last, I have had a good

chance to hear what you've all said, and I guess I'd call it the "Spiteful Club."

MRS. JONES. There, I gave you all a good opportunity to select a name for my club, but none of you have got the right one. I named it this morning with Hannah Maria's help. I think it is a real pretty name, and know you will all like it. My club is named "Samantha Matilda Jones' Optimistic Club." I don't know why Hannah Maria insisted on having the "optimistic" put in, but she said it sounded better.

MRS. SLOCUM. What does the word mean, anyway?

MRS. JONES. I didn't ask her. I guess it don't mean nothing. Big words don't, generally. Do you know, Mrs. Welch?

MRS. WELCH. Hannah Maria made a wise selection when she chose the name for our club. It pertains to looking on the bright side of life, and of course we all will endeavor to do that.

MRS. SNOW. Yes, but we must remember that all is not gold that glitters, as the saying is.

MRS. JONES. Well, ladies, I guess the club is formed, and it is time for you all to go home. I've got to fry slap jacks for supper, and it's about time I begun. The first meeting of "Samantha Matilda Jones' Optimistic Club" will be held here, in my house, next Tuesday afternoon, at three o'clock. Every one will have a composition to read on anything they want to write about, and every one must have a piece cut out of a newspaper to read. I'll serve the spread and conduct the meeting. There, I guess I've said that just as Hannah Maria told me to. You are dismissed, ladies.

(The ladies rise and curtain falls.)

SCENE III.—MRS. JONES' parlor. *Ladies discovered all sitting up, very much dressed up, with compositions and paper clippings in their hands.*

MRS. JONES *(sitting at a table at the right of stage, with HANNAH MARIA beside her)*. Ladies, this is the first meeting of the "Samantha Matilda Jones' Optimistic Club," which we so,—so,—what was that word you told me to say, Hannah Maria?

HANNAH MARIA. Amicably —

MRS. JONES. Oh, yes,—so amicably formed last week. I trust the good-will shown at that time will be perpetuated — Is that right, Hannah Maria?

HANNAH MARIA. Just right.

MRS. JONES. Through all eternity, and even more, if necessary. Hannah Maria Snow is with us this afternoon to see if we do things as they did at her Aunt Jane's in Boston. I think it is real kind of her to come, for I want my club just like the one her Aunt Jane belongs to. What shall I do or say next, Hannah Maria?

HANNAH MARIA. The first thing will be to hear the report of the different officers.

MRS. SNOW. You mustn't believe all you hear though, as the saying is.

MRS. JONES. We hain't got any officers, only me and Mrs. Welch and the board of directors, and we hain't got any reports to make. Besides, I ain't a-going to have any gossip talked here, as I never did believe in starting reports about my neighbors.

HANNAH MARIA. Well, if there are no reports to be read you must proceed to business.

MRS. JONES. What's that?

HANNAH MARIA. Why, I guess it will be the reading of the essays.

MRS. JONES. Well, I don't know as that's business; but, anyway, we'll have them read. I'll call on Mrs. Brown first.

MRS. BROWN. I ain't a-going to read mine first, so there. Why don't you read your own?

MRS. JONES. Why, *I* didn't write one; I'm president. The president don't never do nothing.

MRS. BROWN. Well, if you ain't the beater! Howsomever, I've got a real good composition, but I ain't a-going to sail under false colors; I didn't write one word of it. I copied it out of "The Old Farmers' Almanac." (*Reads.*)

"APRIL

"Now is the time to sit up and begin to take notice. The lawns ought to be raked, if you've got a lawn and a rake; if not, you might borrow one. Don't shoot the bluebirds when they make their appearance, for if you do they'll never put in another appearance. See that the cellars are cleaned of all rubbish. Germs lurk everywhere, even in the water you drink, so I wouldn't advise my readers to drink water when wine is as

handy. In Bible times they turned water into wine, now they turn wine into money. This is the month for the boys to play marbles and the girls to jump rope. Don't stop them. When the boys play 'skin' they are learning to be great men at Washington. When the girls jump rope they are exercising their lungs, something they'll not be able to do when they wear corsets."

MRS. JONES. That will do, Mrs. Brown; I don't think it lady-like to read anything in public about corsets; and besides, we've all read that in our own almanacs. Don't the ladies in Boston write their own compositions?

HANNAH MARIA. Of course they do.

MRS. BROWN. I never was tarnal smart in my young days, and I guess I'm not going to rack my brain now over compositions. If you won't let me copy one from a book I'll leave the club. I thought that one was real good.

(HANNAH MARIA *whispers to* MRS. JONES.)

MRS. JONES. 'Twas good enough, but we prefer original ones; something that emanates from our own brains. Was that what you told me to say, Hannah Maria?

(HANNAH MARIA *nods.*)

MRS. MARTIN. I wrote every word of mine and I'd just like to read it now. (*Reads.*)

"WHAT I THINK OF CLUBS

"To begin with I don't think much of them. Women had better be at home mending their young ones' clothes, than to be at the neighbors' houses trying to do something they know nothing about. At this very moment there are young ones right in this village with holes in their stockings as big as my fist, while their mothers are here in Mrs. Jones' parlor, all dressed up in their meetin' clothes, making believe they are enjoying themselves when they ain't. Then, too, there are women here whose husbands hain't got a clean shirt to put on Sunday, for they've been so busy getting their compositions written that they hain't had no time to wash. I know of one woman in the club, I shan't say whether it is the president or not, who ——"

MRS. JONES. You can just sit down and hold your tongue, or I'll put you out. I didn't want you to join my club, any-

way, but you would come sticking in; but you shan't insult me.

MRS. MARTIN (*sitting*). I thought you wanted original compositions. Wasn't mine original enough?

MRS. JONES. Mrs. Snow, we'll hear yours now.

MRS. SNOW. I don't know as you'll like it, you seem so kinder particular, but I did the best I could. (*Reads.*)

"HUSBANDS

"I've got one, but I kinder wish I hadn't. I didn't have one for a long time, but I had to trim bonnets and braid straw for a living, and the rest of the gals got them one, so I thought I'd do my best to get me one. I was thirty-eight when my husband, who had before been Sarah Small's husband, asked me to take poor Sarah's place, who had been dead for about six months. I knew it was my last chance, as it was also my first one, and I was growing homely every day, so I said I would. Husbands are well enough if you get a good one, but you can't never tell whether you are getting one of the good ones. Butter wouldn't melt in their mouths before you marry 'em, but, land sakes! you wait till after the parson has tied the knot. Every husband does something mean; they either swear, or they drink, or they smoke, or they are tighter than the bark of a tree, or they—well, I won't say what. If a woman is homely as sin, I suppose you can't blame her husband for ——"

MRS. JONES. Mrs. Snow, I truly am ashamed of you, talking so about Hannah Maria's father right to her face.

MRS. SNOW. Land of massy! I didn't mean *my* husband, any more than I did yourn. I mean all of yourn. Silas is as good as the rest, I guess. Among specked cabbages there ain't much choice, as the saying is. Shall I continue my composition? (*Ladies all say "No," "We don't want to hear it," etc.*) Just as you say, but I'll never sit up till midnight again to write a composition that you won't let me read. This is an ungrateful world, as the saying is.

HANNAH MARIA. Well, maw, you have said quite enough. I knew you had a very weak intellect, but I did suppose you had a little respect for the masculine world in general, and my paternal ancestor in particular.

MRS. SNOW. I don't know what you mean, and I don't know as I care. This is the first and last club I'll ever go to. I'd go home now, but I want to hear some of the other compositions.

MRS. JONES. Mrs. Hobbs, will you please read yourn? I hope I shan't have to stop you as I have the others.

MRS. HOBBS. I think mine is better than any I have heard. I asked my darter what to write about and she said as long as the word "Optimistic" was in the name of the club she would write me one on this subject. (*Reads.*)

"WHAT IT IS TO BE OPTIMISTIC"

"I suppose none of you know what it is to be optimistic, and so I am going to write my mother a composition and tell you poor, ignorant women what it is. I know, because I go to the Cherryville High School, and therefore know it all. When my mother calls me in the morning to help her get breakfast and I don't hear her, and she has all the work to do herself, and daddy is snoring to beat the band and I am almost killing myself laughing, thinking how I have fooled her, if she goes about singing, 'Oh, that I had wings,' etc., and smiling to herself, then she is being optimistic. If Mrs. Snow laughs and kisses Silas, when he won't give her a quarter to buy shoe-strings, then she is optimistic."

MRS. SNOW. Land of Goshen! I never kissed Silas Snow but once in my life, and then I felt flatter than a flounder. What is she talking about? I never bought a quarter's worth of shoe-strings since I was born.

MRS. HOBBS. Will you stop a-interruptin' me?

MRS. SNOW. I must say your darter is a bigger ninny than her mother. Kissing Silas! Bah!

MRS. HOBBS. - Mrs. Jones, is she going to insult me or not? Shall I continue?

MRS. JONES. No, I guess we've heard enough of that. I s'posed you women would write your own compositions and not ask little, giggling, foolish schoolgirls, that don't know nothing but kissing, to do it for them.

MRS. HOBBS. This is my last appearance at your old club. I won't have my darter's compositions insulted, nor *her* nuther, by an old crank of a woman.

HANNAH MARIA. Mrs. Jones, when the members talk like that the president calls them to order.

MRS. HOBBS. She'd better not call me to order; if she does, I'll let her and you know that I won't be ordered about by anybody. I'd go right home now, only I want to get some of that spread I've hearn so much about.

MRS. JONES. I did think you women would write some decent compositions, but I begin to think you don't know nothing. Mrs. Higgins, will you read yourn?

MRS. HIGGINS. If you don't like mine, you can't blame me, for I didn't have nothing to do about writing it. (*Reads.*)

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen, hear me ——"

MRS. JONES. For the land sakes! Have you got that old thing we used to read fifty years ago at school, copied out on that paper? If you have, you just sit down, for we won't hear it.

MRS. HIGGINS. Well, you don't have to, but I wanted a good, sensible composition, and I always did like that; it sounds so kinder of up and coming some way. How we did us'ter read it together, and see who could read the loudest.

MRS. JONES. Mrs. Perkins, have you got anything fit to read? I'm getting about sick of these 'ere compositions.

MRS. PERKINS (*reads*).

"THE HISTORY OF A PIN

"I was once a piece of steel wire, when a man took me and carried me to a shop, where I was cut up into little pieces and made into pins. Then I was stuck on a paper, and ——"

HANNAH MARIA. I heard them tell in Boston about being stuck on a young man, but I didn't hear one word about being stuck on a paper.

MRS. JONES. Now, Hannah Maria, I want to ask you one question. Are these compositions anything like those you heard at your Aunt Jane's? If they ain't, I'm not going to hear another one.

HANNAH MARIA. No, those were on more sublime subjects, and you couldn't understand what they were about. Such big words as they had in them! Oh, they were so soul uplifting, not a bit like these.

MRS. RICE. Well, if Hannah Maria and Mrs. Jones ain't satisfied with the compositions of the others, they wouldn't be with ours, and let's all crumple ours up and put 'em into our pockets.

(*They all do so.*)

MRS. JONES. As president of this club I must say you are dead failures at writing compositions, and I'm glad I hain't got to listen to any more. Now, I'll call for the current extents. Mrs. White, you may read yourn.

MRS. WHITE (*reading from newspaper clipping*). "A cure for rheumatiz. Take three quarts of sweet cider, put into it a quarter's worth of——"

MRS. JONES. Do sit down. We don't want to hear such stuff as that. That wasn't what they read at your Aunt Jane's club, was it, Hannah Maria?

HANNAH MARIA. Of course not. They had clippings on educational subjects.

MRS. JONES. Mrs. Spring, you please read yourn.

MRS. SPRING. I don't know how mine will suit you. It's real pretty, I think. (*Reads.*)

"Just then Mary Jane broke the silence and said, 'Of all the indescribable, indigestible, indestructible, inconceivable things in nature a white blackbird poised on the top of the Washington monument takes the cake.' " Now ain't that real pretty? I should think that would be soul uplifting enough to suit anybody.

MRS. JONES. Yes, I call that real good; I don't know what it means, but it sounded good.

HANNAH MARIA. I call that almost as good as those I heard at Aunt Jane's.

MRS. JONES. If we have many more read we shan't have time for the spread, so we'll only have Mrs. Slocum read hern, and then we'll have our spread.

MRS. SLOCUM. Mine is an advertisement of some new kind of soap, and I ain't going to read it, 'cos you wouldn't like it.

MRS. JONES. You read yourn, Mrs. Turner.

MRS. TURNER (*reading*). "The new kind of hats that the fashion-plates are wearing are said to have originated five thousand years ago in the——"

MRS. JONES. We don't want to hear about anything as old as that. You may sit, Mrs. Turner. Mrs. Welch, will you read yourn?

MRS. WELCH. Mine is about the work of the missionaries in China; perhaps you don't care to hear it.

MRS. JONES. No, I don't. I'm sick to death of China and the missionaries, and do you know I'm just as sick of clubs. I never had such a trying afternoon in my life. I guess you women ain't bright enough to belong to a club.

(*Sits down disgusted.*)

MRS. SHAW. Well, I guess you ain't bright enough to be

president of one. I think we'd all look better if we were at home attending to our husbands and young ones.

MRS. STONE. I thought we were going to have a spread. Why don't you bring it on?

MRS. REED. I'm real hungry, and a few crackers would taste good.

MRS. JONES. A few crackers! How many did you think you were going to have? I've got just one apiece for you. Hannah Maria, you may get them and pass 'em 'round. (*HANNAH MARIA goes out and returns with plate containing just enough for each to have one. She passes them. When she at last passes them to MRS. JONES, she shakes her head.*) No, I don't want any. I've had 'em in the house for upwards of six weeks, and they've got so hard I can't bite 'em with my false teeth, but I guess they are good enough for a spread. (*Business of trying to bite them, but they prove too hard.*) If you can't eat 'em take 'em home to the young ones. They'll like 'em. (*All exclaim—"Stingy thing." "Did you ever?" "How do you like her spread?" etc.*) Well, of all the ungratefulest pack of women, you beat 'em. You've put me all out of patience and I ain't going to have a club no more. I ain't going to be president no more; and I'll stay at home forever before I try to form a club again, so there. Now you can all get out of my house at once. I'm mad clean through.

MRS. REED. Excuse me, Mrs. Jones, but I guess I'll read my composition afore we go. I wrote it in poetry, and I hate to have it lost. It has turned out just as I thought.

"MRS. JONES' CLUB

"Mrs. Jones, she formed a club,
But she couldn't make it go;
We women here in Cherryville
Were made for work, not show.

"Some women have big brains,
But we've no brains at all;
And if we try to mount up high,
We'll surely get a fall.

"We'd better stay at home,
And wash, and bake and churn;
For that is all we're fitted for
As near as I discern.

“And if we want some place to go
As Mrs. Jones declared,
We’ll get our children’s ragged clothes
And see that they’re repaired.

“God gave some women talent,
And ’tis a hard proposition
If you’ve not got it in you
To write a composition.

“I’d rather slave all day
Than try to make believe wise.
So I’ll stay at home hereafter
And bake my bread and pies.

“I’m sorry for Mrs. Jones,
And for Hannah Maria, too,
But in this world so broad and wide
They’ll find something else to do.

“The Optimistic Club is dead
And I, myself, am glad,
For a woman who feels *out of place*,
Does look to me so bad.”

(*Quick curtain.*)

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CHARACTERS

HON. PORTIA BLACKSTONE, *Judge.*

MADAME ELIZABETH KENT-COKE, *Prosecuting Attorney.*

MADAME TOMASIA ERSKINE, *Attorney for Defendant.*

"DOTTY" DEVELIN, *the Defendant.*

CLERK OF THE COURT.

SHERIFF.

Witnesses for the Commonwealth

MISS MEHITABLE SIMPKINS, *a spinster of uncertain age.*

MISS NANCY ANN SIMS, *another spinster of doubtful age.*

PROF. ELVIRA JONES-JOHNSON, *Instructor of Advanced Theology.*

Witnesses for Defendant

DR. ELEANOR AINSWORTH, *expert Oculist and Alienist.*

MRS. POLLY POSY, *chum of Dotty.*

PROF. DOLLY DIMPLE, *Professor of the Art of Courtship.*

FOREWOMAN OF THE JURY *and eleven jurors.*

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CHARACTERS

| | |
|---|--|
| MR. STEPHEN EASYMAN, <i>a wealthy broker.</i> | MR. SHARPE, <i>a detective.</i> |
| MR. CAREW CARLTON, <i>his nephew.</i> | MISS JUDITH CARROLL, <i>a maiden aunt.</i> |
| MR. TOM ASHLEIGH. | MRS. EASYMAN, } <i>her</i> |
| JACKSON, <i>a servant.</i> | MISS BESSIE CARROLL, } <i>nieces.</i> |
| MICHAEL FLYNN. | DESDEMONA, <i>the ghost.</i> |

A PAIR OF BURGLARS

By Byron P. Glenn

Two males, two females. One act. Costumes modern ; scenery, an easy interior. Plays half an hour. A brisk little curtain raiser of the "vaudeville" type, moving all the time. Easy and effective ; all the parts young people and well-dressed. Strongly recommended.

Price, 15 cents

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Two males, one female. One act. Costumes modern ; scene, an easy interior. Plays fifteen minutes. An excellent short play to fill out a bill or to fill in an intermission. All action and lots of fun. All parts young and well-dressed.

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CHARACTERS

WATSON W. HIGBEE, *from Montana.*
A good fellow with millions, who --
knows neither fear nor grammar.

Character Lead.

HON. V. D. WITHROW, *a blue-blooded*
ex-senator with a tall family tree and
a short bank account. First Old Man.

LORIN HIGBEE, *son of Watson.* *Cham-*
pion athlete of Harvard. *In love with*
Madge. Juvenile Lead.

THEODORE DALRYMPLE, *called*
"Ted." *Worked his way through*
Harvard. *In love with Nancy.*

Comedy Lead.

HIGGINS, *the butler.*

Eccentric Character.

NANCY WITHROW, *the senator's*
daughter. *An up-to-date, level-headed*
girl. Juvenile Lead.

MADGE CUMMINGS, *from Montana.* *A*
quiet sort with temper when needed.

Ingenué Lead.

MRS. BALLOU, *the senator's sister from*
New York, who meets her second affi-
nity at the eleventh hour. Comedy.

MRS. MALVINA MEDDIGREW, *origi-*
nally from Missouri. *Must always be*
shown. Comedy.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—The lawn at Withrow's. A June afternoon. Planning a double marriage.

ACT II.—Parlor at Withrow's. In a tangle. Cupid's arrows go wrong, and everything follows. Good-by, and a roaring climax.

ACT III.—In Montana, five months later. Hard lines. "Thanksgiving to-morrow, and no chance to steal a turkey." The unexpected happens. Sudden wealth. "A Four-decker weddin' in a couple or three days."

THE OTHER WOMAN

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Two females. Scene, an interior; costumes modern. A clever and refined sketch, strongly recommended. Very dramatic. Plays twenty minutes.

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A RURAL COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

By Charles S. Allen

Four male, three female characters. Scene, an easy interior, the same for all three acts; costumes, modern. Plays about an hour and a half. An admirable play for amateurs, very easy to get up, and very effective. Uraliah Higgins, a country post-man, and Drusilla Todd are capital comedy parts, introducing songs or specialties, if it is desired to lengthen the piece. Domestic drama, with plenty of incidental fun.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

As originally produced by The Russell Club, in Y. M. C. A. Hall, Melrose, June 5, 1907.

| | | |
|---|-------|---------------------|
| ELLICE FLEMING, <i>Mrs. Fleming's daughter</i> | . . . | Rita Dickinson |
| ARNOLD HAYE, <i>a young journalist</i> | . . . | Carleton A. Sawyer |
| MRS. MARION FLEMING, <i>a widow</i> | . . . | Bessie Anderson |
| DR. THORPE, <i>homeopath; a philosopher as well</i> | . . . | Carl Robinson |
| DRUSILLA TODD, <i>Uraliah's best girl</i> | . . . | Edith Johnson |
| URALIAH HIGGINS, <i>Rural Free Delivery</i> | . . . | Levi Stevens |
| EBENEZER RANDALL, <i>a man of means</i> | . . . | W. Norton Messenger |

THE HERO OF THE GRIDIRON

A COLLEGE COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS

By Estelle Cook

Nine male, four female characters and supernumeraries. Costumes, modern; scenery, easy interiors and exteriors, not essential. Plays about two hours. A successful college farce on the football theme, suited to co-educational and other colleges; very easy and remarkably effective in performance. Can be played only on payment of a royalty of \$5.00 for each performance to the author.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

| | |
|---|---|
| HARRY RANDOLPH, <i>a Freshman from the White Horse Ranch.</i> | RUBEN RUSTIC, <i>from Haystack Ranch</i> |
| MR. TRIX, <i>a football coach.</i> | MR. RANDOLPH, <i>Harry's father.</i> |
| FRANK BARNES, } <i>members of the</i> | MAUD DAVIS, <i>the most popular girl on the campus.</i> |
| FRED WHEELER, } <i>Bouncer Squad</i> | RUTH RANDOLPH, <i>Harry's sister.</i> |
| WALTER FRENCH, } <i>and the Beta</i> | MISS PRUE, <i>an antiquated chaperon.</i> |
| JOHN TAYLOR, } <i>Beta Frat.</i> | THE NURSE, <i>who lives on the campus.</i> |
| T. L. TINTYPE, <i>a photo agent.</i> | |

New Plays

A GIRL IN A THOUSAND

A COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS

By Evelyn Gray Whiting

Fourteen females. Costumes, modern; scenes, three interiors and an exterior. Plays a full evening. Very strong and sympathetic and of varied interest. Irish comedy; strong "witch" character; two very lively "kids"; all the parts good. Effective, easy to produce, and can be strongly recommended to young people as thoroughly wholesome in tone as well as amusing.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

FOLKS AT THE COTTAGE

GRANNY MORRIS, *an old-fashioned body.*
FLORA, *poor, but proud.*

SYLVIA, *a little peacemaker.*
CHARLOTTE, *"Charlie."*
KATHLEEN, *"Kil."*

FOLKS AT THE HALL

HELENA GLENDON, *a delightful person.*
VIVIAN GLENDON, *her adopted child.*
MRS. PRESTON, *a housekeeper.*

PHOEBE PRESTON, *who reads the House Journal.*
NORA, *a believer in charms, with none of her own.*

MISS THALMER, *witch of the hollow.*
MRS. WENTWORTH, *a wealthy widow.*
MISS GUILFORD, *her companion.*

MISS PRIM, *school-teacher somewhat like her name.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—Granny Morris' cottage. Seven wishes. One comes true. The Witch's prophecy.

ACT II.—School-room at Miss Prim's. Some tableaux. A cake-walk. A prophecy fulfilled.

ACT III.—Sitting room at the Hall. Granny forgets her skirt. The Witch again. A face at the window.

ACT IV.—Witch Hollow. A picnic. Nora tries a charm. Unravelling of the skein.

MOSE

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

By C. W. Miles

Eleven males, ten females. Scenery, two interiors; costumes modern. Plays an hour and a half. A lively college farce, full of good local color and the true college spirit. Its cast is unusually large, but many of the parts are small and incidental. Introduces a good deal of singing, which will serve to lengthen the performance. The inevitable foot-ball is an element of its story, but its strongest dramatic interest does not depend upon this. Recommended highly for co-educational colleges. Professional stage-rights reserved.

Price, 15 cents

New Plays

THE TIME OF HIS LIFE

A Comedy in Three Acts

By C. Leona Dalrymple

Six males, three females. Costumes modern ; scenery, two interiors, or can be played in one. Plays two hours and a half. A side-splitting piece, full of action and a sure success if competently acted. Tom Carter's little joke of impersonating the colored butler has unexpected consequences that give him "the time of his life." Very highly recommended for High School performance.

Price, 25 cents

CHARACTERS

MR. BOB GREY.

MRS. BOB GREY.

TOM CARTER, *Mrs. Grey's brother.*

MRS. PETER WYCOMBE, a "personage."

MR. PETER WYCOMBE, a "pessimist" with a digestion.

DOROTHY LANDON, *secretly engaged to Tom Carter.*

MR. JAMES LANDON, SR., *Dorothy's father ; of a peppery disposition.*

UNCLE TOM, *an old colored butler from the South.*

OFFICER HOGAN, *of the Twenty-Second Street Police Station.*

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A Farce in One Act

By Robert C. V. Meyers

Four males, four females. Costumes modern ; scene, an interior. Plays thirty minutes. A clever parlor play, similar in idea to the popular "Obstinate Family." Sure to please.

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By Willis Steel

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THE MAGISTRATE Farce in Three Acts. Twelve males, four females. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interior. Plays two hours and a half.

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THE PROFLIGATE Play in Four Acts. Seven males, five females. Scenery, three interiors, rather elaborate; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS Farce in Three Acts. Nine males, seven females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY Play in Four Acts. Eight males, five females. Costumes, modern; scenery, three interiors. Plays a full evening.

SWEET LAVENDER Comedy in Three Acts. Seven males, four females. Scene, a single interior; costumes, modern. Plays a full evening.

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THE WEAKER SEX Comedy in Three Acts. Eight males, eight females. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. Plays a full evening.

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